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TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

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No. 13

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MYSTERIES

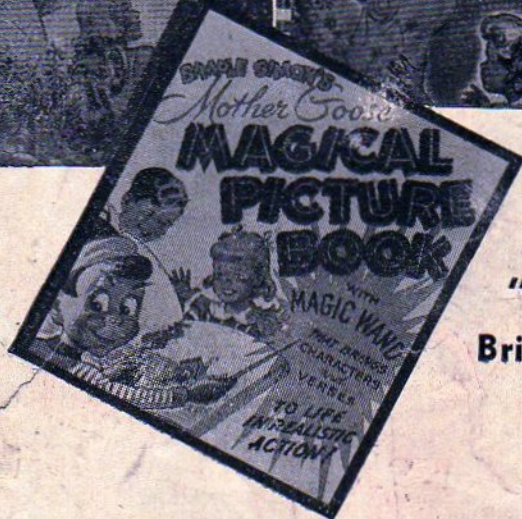
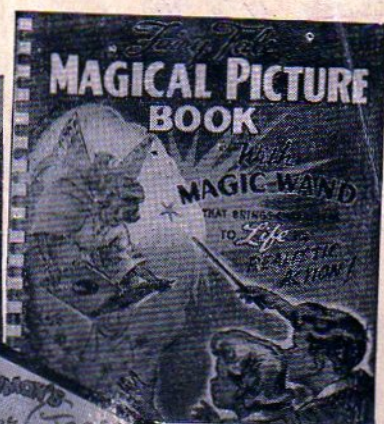
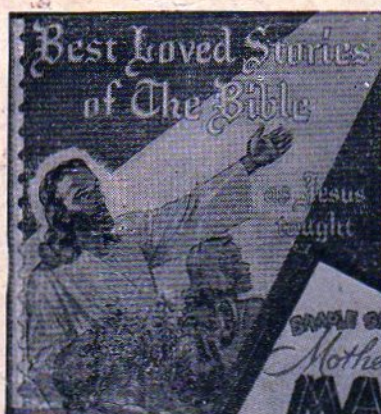


**DEATH TAKES FOUR
GRIM AWAKENING
FRATERNITY of DOOM
GRAVEYARD TERROR**



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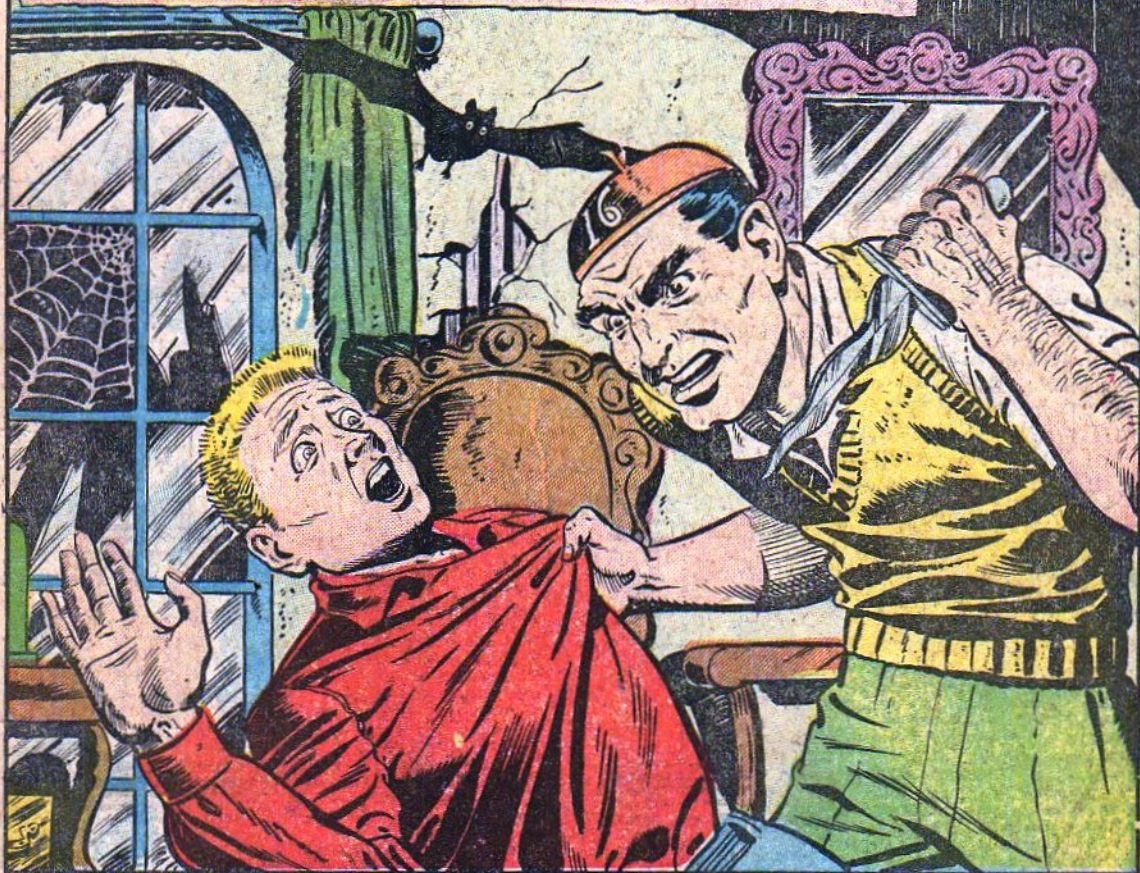
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**SEND NO
MONEY!**

Fraternity of DOOM

A FRATERNITY PRANK OFTEN RESULTS IN MAYHEM. HERE'S ONE THAT TOOK PLACE FORTY YEARS AGO AND CHANGED FROM A JOVIAL INITIATION TO FOUR DECADES OF VIOLENT DEATH—NO SWEETHEART SONG FOR FORTY MEMBERS FROM STATE UNIVERSITY WHO DIED FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF BLOOD!



THE SUPER-COMET IS STREAKING ALONG THE RAILS TOWARD MILLDALE—HOME OF STATE UNIVERSITY. INSIDE, AN ELDERLY GRAD TELLS A STRANGE TALE TO AN UNDERGRADUATE...



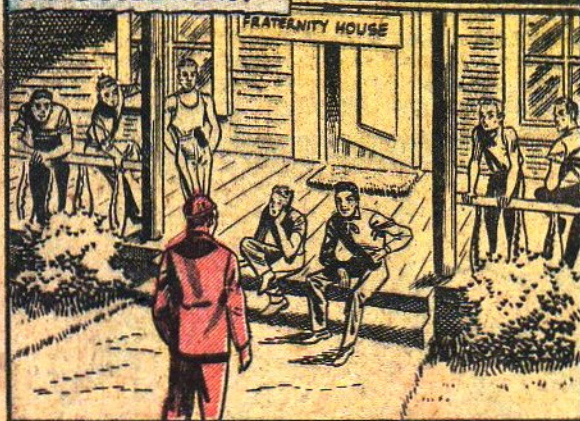
YES, SON, I'M COMING BACK TO WHAT PROBABLY WILL BE MY LAST REUNION... AND I'LL ADMIT I'M WORRIED!

WORRIED?



YES, WORRIED! BECAUSE OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED FORTY YEARS AGO TONIGHT. I WAS ONE OF FORTY FRATERNITY BROTHERS AT STATE. WE WERE MAKING READY TO INITIATE A FRESHMAN...

"WE WERE GATHERED ON THE FRAT HOUSE PORCH. USUALLY, WE PADDED THE NEW MAN OR MADE HIM RIDE A GOAT. SOMETIMES WE PAINTED HIM UP AND PARADED HIM THROUGH THE CAMPUS. BUT FOR THIS FRESHMAN WE HAD BIGGER IDEAS!"



THIS GUY'S A FOOTBALL PLAYER— HE DOESN'T SCARE EASILY!

I'VE GOT YOU! WE'LL BLINDFOLD HIM AND TAKE HIM TO THE OLD CRAG PLACE— THE HAUNTED HOUSE! THE PLACE IS FULL OF RATS AND NOISES. HE'LL THINK HE'S IN A HOUSE FULL OF DEAD FULLBACKS!



WE'RE ONLY GOIN' TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY. WE WANT YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY BACK!

THE...THE COUNTRY? WHAT...

YEAH! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND!

"...OF COURSE WE NEVER SPENT A NIGHT AT CRAG'S PLACE. WE ONLY HEARD ABOUT IT BEING KIND OF EERIE. BUT NOBODY BELIEVED IN GHOSTS. THAT IS, NOT UNTIL AFTER WE DEPOSITED OUR FRIEND INSIDE..."

ALL RIGHT... THIS IS IT— NOW FIND YOUR WAY BACK!

C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHERE... ER... WHAT'S GOING ON?

THOSE NOISES...



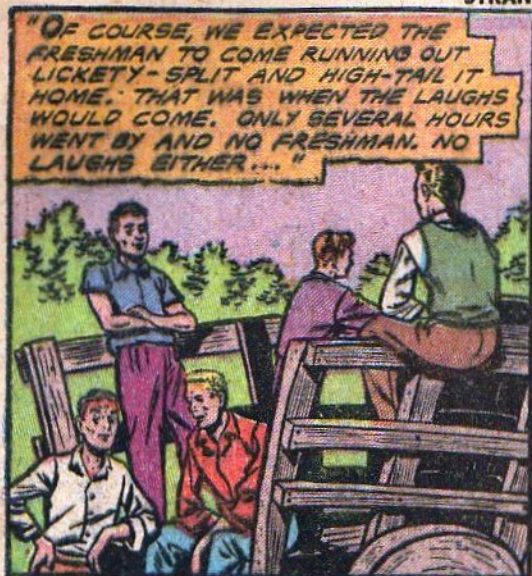
WAAA! WHO ARE YOU?

NO MATTER, MY BOY... I WILL BE YOUR NEW MOTHER... YOU WILL STAY HERE WITH ME!



YEARS AGO I LOST MY OWN SON BY HAZING— HE WAS SO HANDSOME. JUST LIKE YOU. NOW YOU HAVE TO COME TO ME— YOU WILL HANG YOURSELF JUST AS I DID SO VERY LONG AGO!





"WE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE WE REACHED THE DOOR. NO ONE COULD MISTAKE THAT NOISE... PARTICULARLY IN A HAUNTED HOUSE!"

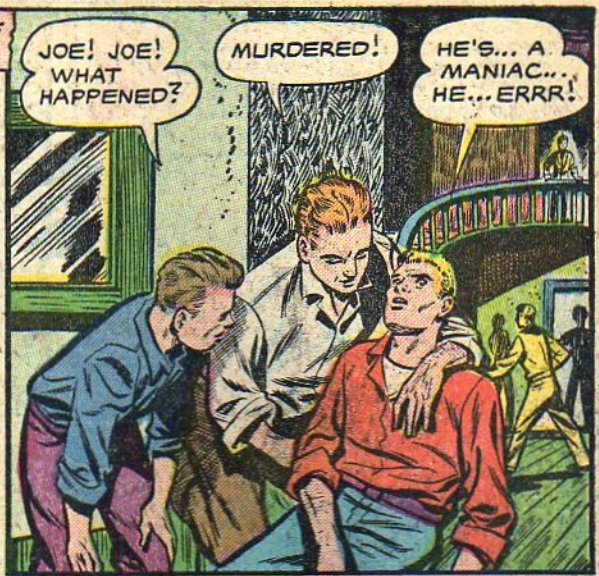
HAAAA! HA-HA...
COME AND GET US!



JOE! JOE!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

MURDERED!

HE'S... A
MANIAC...
HE...ERRR!



THERE
HE IS!

LET'S
GET
HIM!



I CAN'T...
CAN'T...
BREATHE!

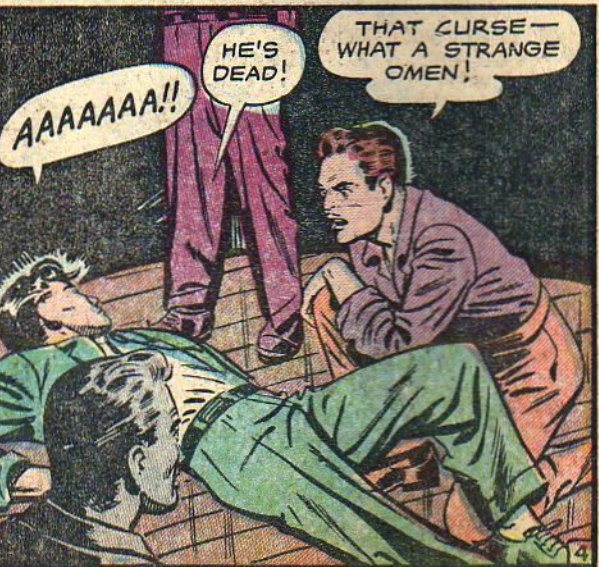


I... I'M DYING! IT
WAS YOUR FAULT...
I CURSE ALL OF YOU...
EVERYONE WILL DIE...
AT THIS PRECISE
MOMENT... ALL WILL
DIE... DIE!!



HE'S
DEAD!

THAT CURSE—
WHAT A STRANGE
OMEN!



AAAAAAA!!

IT WAS A NIGHTMARE... I'LL NEVER FORGET — I COULDN'T FORGET. THE ODD PART OF ALL WAS HOW THE CURSE HELD UP — SINCE THAT NIGHT IN 1913, EVERY YEAR AT THAT SAME TIME, ONE OF THE FRATERNITY DIED A VIOLENT DEATH!

WHEW!



"TAKE THOMPSON — HE WAS THE FIRST. A GRADUATE OF BIOLOGY, HE JOINED AN EXPEDITION INTO THE TROPICS THE NEXT YEAR. AFTER TWO WEEKS IN THE JUNGLE, A SCOUT REPORTED BACK TO THE PROFESSOR..."

BWANA... BWANA... LITTLE MEN UP AHEAD... THEY ARE DANGEROUS!

THIS IS BAD... VERY BAD!



I'LL GO UP AND TALK TO THEM, SIR!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SON, THEY'RE SAVAGES!



"FOR SEVERAL YEARS WE HEARD ABOUT ONE OF THE BROTHERS DYING AT THIS SAME TIME. NATURALLY, WE THOUGHT IT WAS MERE COINCIDENCE. LIKE THE TIME CHARLEY GRAVES WANTED TO FIX HIS ROOF AFTER COMING HOME FROM WORK. HE SET UP A FLOODLIGHT AND CLIMBED A LADDER..."

TRIPPED!

CHARLEY, THIS CAN WAIT UNTIL THE WEEK-END!

AH, NO, HONEY... I WANT A STOP THE LEAK!



CHARLEY!



AND SO CHARLEY MET HIS DEATH VIOLENTLY, TOO — JUST LIKE THE FRESHMAN SAID HE WOULD... BUT SOME OF US ABSOLUTELY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT — IT TOOK YEARS TO CONVINCE US..."



TIM FARREL BECAME A PLAINCLOTHESMAN DURING THE 20'S. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE THE SPELL EITHER... UNTIL ONE DAY HE WAS SENT OUT TO INVESTIGATE A HOLD-UP AT A FILLING STATION...

CAUGHT HER COLD AS A DEAD MACKEREL! SHE'LL CRINGE WHEN SHE'S LOOKING INTO THE BUSINESS END OF A GAT FOR A CHANGE!



ALL RIGHT, SISTER, DROP THE HARDWARE AND COME ALONG PEACEFULLY. THIS IS MUCH TOO LATE FOR LITTLE GIRLS TO BE OUT ON THE STREETS HOLDING UP FOLKS WHEN THEY OUGHTA BE SITTING IN A NICE WARM JAIL!

WHAT THE—

WOTTA BREAK!



YOU MUST BE GETTIN' OLD, COPPER... SEEMS LIKE I CAN HANDLE THE ROD BETTER'N YOU CAN!

YOU LITTLE—!



"WHEN TED LARKE GOT IT, I WAS REALLY CONVINCED! HE WAS A SUCCESSFUL CONTRACTOR UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO. ONE NIGHT HE WAS OUT LOOKING AT ONE OF HIS RUSH JOBS — A BIG HOUSING PROJECT..."

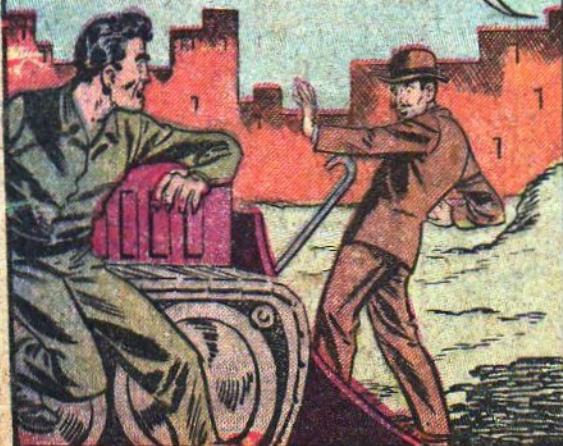
NICE GOING,

JOHN — I KNEW YOU'D GET THIS JOB READY BY MORNING. SORRY I COULDN'T GET OVER HERE EARLIER!



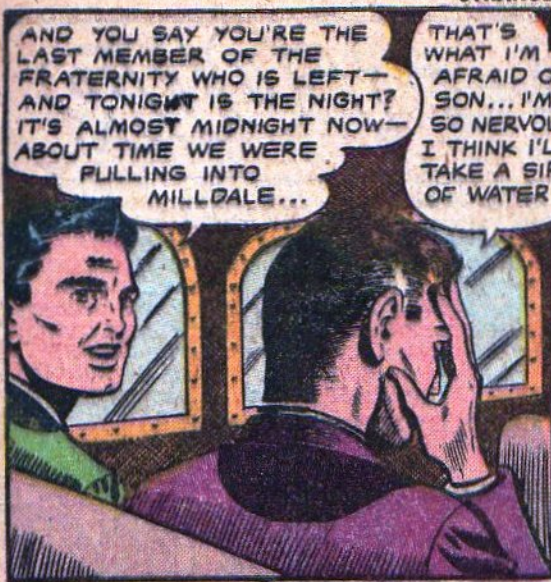
A RUNAWAY! GETTING OUT!

WATCH IT, MR. LARKE — WATCH OUT!



THAT NIGHT... SO... SO LONG AGO... HE WAS RIGHT... HARDLY ANY OF US LEFT... WE'LL ALL PAY THE PRICE OF THE SPELL!





AND YOU SAY YOU'RE THE LAST MEMBER OF THE FRATERNITY WHO IS LEFT— AND TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT? IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT NOW— ABOUT TIME WE WERE PULLING INTO MILLDALE...

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF, SON... I'M SO NERVOUS, I THINK I'LL TAKE A SIP OF WATER!



BEFORE YOU GO, MR. JONES... TAKE A LOOK AT ME... YES, CLOSER! DO YOU RECOGNIZE WHO I AM NOW? I'M AFRAID YOUR MEMORY FOR FACES IS SLIGHTLY DULL!

NO... IT CAN'T BE— **THE FRESHMAN!** YES, ALL THIS TIME TO ME! I'VE BEEN TALKING TO... TO YOU! AND NOW YOUR TIME HAS COME, MR. JONES! JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!



HE'LL KILL ME! HE'LL KILL ME!

CRAZY?

MUST BE!



I WON'T LET HIM GET ME... I'LL KILL MYSELF FIRST! YES... I MUST JUMP!



SUICIDE! HE MENTIONED THE YOUNGSTER... GRAB HIM... I WANT TO ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS!

THEY'VE GOT HIM!



AND THAT'S IT, SIR. YOU SEE, I WAS COMING BACK FROM A VACATION TO THE UNIVERSITY IN MILLDALE. THE GENTLEMAN WAS TALKING ABOUT A CLASS REUNION, OR SOMETHING, WHEN SUDDENLY HE RAN BERSERK!

OH, I SEE...

The End

DEATH takes FOUR

WHEN IS AN INSANE MAN NOT INSANE? LYNN RICHARDS THOUGHT HE KNEW THE ANSWER, AND FROM THE FESTERING DEPTHS OF HIS BRAIN HE DREW A SCHEME HORRIBLE BEYOND BELIEVING! WHO WOULDN'T TRADE A FEW YEARS IN AN ASYLUM FOR A FORTUNE? LYNN WAS YOUNG AND HE COULD WAIT— BUT DEATH COULDN'T WAIT TO STRIKE AT THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE FIEND WHO CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE GRINNING MAN...



THIS GRIM TALE STARTED IN KOREA AS A MORTAR SHELL FINDS A TARGET— LYNN RICHARDS...

GAAAAAA—
I'M H-HIT!

YIIIIIIII—
HELP!

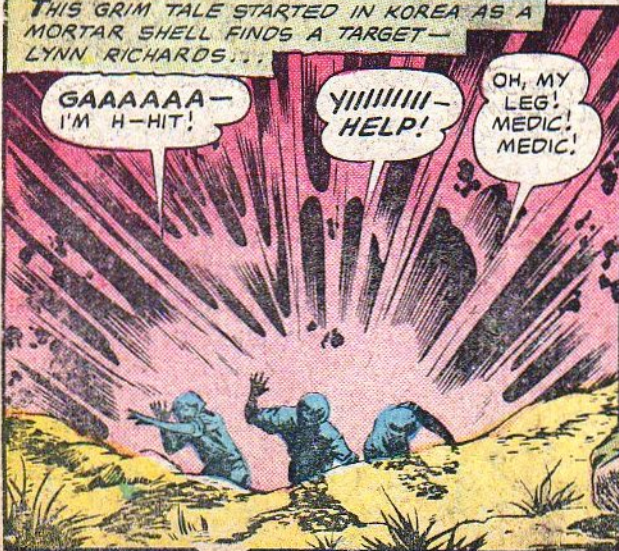
OH, MY
LEG!
MEDIC!
MEDIC!

AND SUDDENLY, RICHARDS HAS NO FACE...

OH, SOMEONE
HELP ME! MY
FACE! MY FACE!
GAAAAAA—
THE PAIN!
OHHHHHH—

HOLD ON,
FELLA!
WE'RE
COMING!

POOR
DEVIL!



SO FAR IT IS JUST THE USUAL SAD STORY OF ANOTHER MAIMED SOLDIER! MONTHS PASS AND THEN...

I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF THE BANDAGES NOW, RICHARDS! YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR A SHOCK!

YOU MEAN MY FACE? YOU C-COULDN'T FIX IT UP?

WE DID THE BEST WE COULD, BOY! BUT TO SAVE ANYTHING AT ALL WE HAD TO PERFORM AN UNUSUAL OPERATION! AS A RESULT YOUR FACE WILL BE SET IN A PERMANENT GRIN—WHAT WE CALL **RICTUS SARDONICUS!**

R-RICTUS SARDONICUS? I NEVER HEARD OF IT! BUT I D-DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!

NO, LYNN, YOU WON'T LIKE IT! IN LATIN OR ENGLISH—IT'S HORRIBLE...

OH! I—I'M A MONSTER! YOU MEAN I HAVE TO GO THROUGH L-LIFE LOOKING LIKE THIS?

I'M AFRAID SO! WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN!

LATER, ALONE, LYNN RICHARDS FACES IT...

SOME GUYS WOULD COMMIT SUICIDE, BUT NOT ME! THE WORLD OWES ME SOMETHING FOR THIS AND I'M GOING TO COLLECT! STARTING AS OF NOW! BUT WON'T UNCLE ROGER AND AUNT ETHEL BE SURPRISED?

BEFORE THE WAR, LYNN, AN ORPHAN, HAD LIVED WITH HIS WEALTHY RELATIVES, ROGER AND ETHEL RICHARDS! HE IS THEIR ONLY HEIR! SO RETURN TO THE STATES...

I WON'T SAY IT WASN'T A SHOCK, LYNN! YOUR—FACE! I DON'T KNOW. HOW YOUR AUNT WILL TAKE IT! SHE REMEMBERS YOU AS YOU WERE! AND THERE'S ANN, OF COURSE!

I KNOW, UNCLE! I LOOK LIKE A DROOLING IDIOT! LIKE A CRAZY MAN! AND I'VE TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT ANN! BUT I CAN'T HELP MY FACE!

FORTUNATELY ANN TATE, LYNN'S SECOND COUSIN, IS NOT AT DINNER THAT NIGHT! A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE MEAL...

WELL, LYNN, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE, ER, STAYING WITH US AGAIN?

OF COURSE I'LL STAY!

OF COURSE HE WILL! ANN IS STAYING HERE, TOO, LYNN! SHE'LL BE SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

I HATE THEM BOTH! THEY PITY ME, BUT THEY DON'T REALLY WANT ME AROUND!



FATE'S CONSPIRACY BEGINS! LYNN STAYS UP LATE THAT NIGHT, WAITING FOR ANN TO COME HOME FROM A PARTY...

THERE'S ANN AT LAST! GOOD! I WANT HER TO SEE ME BEFORE SHE TALKS TO ANYONE! BEFORE SHE CAN BE WARNED ABOUT MY FACE! I MUST KNOW IF SHE STILL WANTS TO MARRY ME!



LYNN! OH, LYNN, DARLING! YOU'RE HOME AT LAST! BACK IN YOUR OLD ROOM!

COME IN, ANN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! COME IN!

ANN TATE RUSHES INTO THE ROOM OF THE MAN SHE ONCE PROMISED TO MARRY AND THEN...

LYNN, I— OHHHHHH— W-WHO ARE YOU?

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME, ANN? IT'S ME, LYNN! PLEASE DON'T STARE AT ME LIKE THAT!



MY FACE, ANN— BUT NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT! DON'T I GET A COMING HOME KISS? WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, REMEMBER?

I—I DON'T KNOW, LYNN! I MEAN THIS IS ALL SO...



YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF ME, IS THAT IT? I'M A HORRIBLE, REPULSIVE THING FOR WHICH YOU CAN ONLY FEEL PITY? YOU'RE SHIVERING, ANN!

NO! PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME! I—I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING! PLEASE LET ME GO NOW!



GOOD NIGHT, LYNN! I— OH, GOOD NIGHT!

ANN! COME BACK TO ME! BE KIND TO ME! YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME ONCE! ANN, DARLING!



AND THEN ANN IS GONE, NEVER SUSPECTING THAT IN HER SHOCK AND FEAR, SHE HAS DOOMED THREE PEOPLE TO DEATH...

NOW I KNOW! SHE ACTED AS IF I WERE A SNAKE TOUCHING HER! WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO THINK THAT SHE— COULD LOVE ME— WITH A FACE LIKE THIS! THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, MY AUNT AND UNCLE AND ANN! THEY DON'T WANT ME AROUND!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

THAT NIGHT, LYNN CANNOT SLEEP! HE IS TOO FULL OF DESPAIR AND HATRED! AND NEXT DAY A FIENDISH PLAN BEGINS TO BUILD IN HIS MIND...

I'LL PAY THEM ALL BACK! BUT WHAT I NEED IS MONEY—RIGHT NOW! IF I ONLY HAD MONEY, PEOPLE WOULDN'T MIND MY FACE! EVEN ANN WOULDN'T CARE! NOW WHERE IS THAT OLD FAMILY HISTORY?



UNWITTINGLY, UNCLE ROGER GIVES LYNN THE CLUE HE SEEKS—AND SIGNS HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT...

AT LEAST THE FAMILY HISTORIAN WAS HONEST, UNCLE! DIDN'T TRY TO COVER UP THE FACTS!

NO! WHAT YOU'VE READ HERE IS QUITE AUTHENTIC! YOUR GREAT AUNT KATE WAS MAD! INSANE! SHE KILLED HER HUSBAND, BUT OF COURSE SHE COULDN'T BE EXECUTED! SHE DIED OF OLD AGE!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE GARDEN, HE PERFECTS HIS GRUESOME PLAN...

I'LL DO IT! IT'S FOOLPROOF! THERE'S INSANITY IN THE FAMILY ALREADY, AND WITH THIS FACE I **LOOK** INSANE! THEY'LL THINK THE WAR AFFECTED MY MIND! AFTERWARD I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP AND SPEND A YEAR OR TWO IN AN ASYLUM, PRETENDING TO BE CRAZY! WHEN THEY LET ME OUT, I'LL BE RICH!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

UNCLE GOES FIRST! AUNT ETHEL AND ANN ARE SLEEPING AND I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! HAH-HAH! IN THIS STATE THEY CAN'T PROSECUTE AN INSANE MAN, EVEN AFTER HE'S BEEN RELEASED!



HUH? IS THAT YOU, LYNN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN BED!

YES, UNCLE! I'VE COME TO PAY MY LAST RESPECTS! GOODBYE, UNCLE!

WHAT? YOUR LAST—**GAAAAAA—**

SORRY, UNCLE, BUT I'M CRAZY! I—(CHUCKLE)—DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! WHEN THEY QUESTION ME, I WON'T EVEN REMEMBER!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

THE HORRIBLE DEED OVER, LYNN GOES UPSTAIRS TO COMPLETE HIS NIGHT'S WORK...

UGH! UNCLE TOOK A—
(SHUDDER)—LONG TIME
TO DIE! BUT AT LEAST
IT WAS QUIET! NOW
FOR AUNT ETHEL,
WHILE ANN
SLEEPS!

BLAST! I DIDN'T COUNT ON AUNT
ETHEL LOCKING HER DOOR AT NIGHT!
THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL
MORNING AND USE MY OTHER
PLAN! ANN WILL BE AWAKE
AND I'LL HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL!

ANN WATCHES FROM
HER DOOR AND A
STRANGE FEAR
STIRS IN HER...

HOW STRANGE!
WHAT COULD HE
HAVE WANTED WITH
AUNTIE AT THIS HOUR?
AND THAT WIRE IN HIS
HAND?

SO ANN HESITATES AND IS LOST!
INSTEAD OF CALLING THE POLICE,
SCREAMING, RUNNING—ANYTHING,
SHE GOES BACK TO BED...

POOR LYNN, I DO FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!
AND HE SENSES MY PITY AND HATES
ME! BUT I—(UGH)—CAN'T STAND
THE SIGHT OF HIS POOR FACE!
I'D BETTER LEAVE
FIRST THING IN
THE MORNING!

WHILE LYNN'S CUNNING BRAIN SWITCHES
EASILY TO HIS ALTERNATE PLAN...

IT MUST BE THE POISON, THEN! TOO
RISKY TO STRANGLE MY AUNT WITH
ANN AWAKE AND CLOSEBY! BECAUSE
THEN I MIGHT HAVE TO HURT ANN,
AND I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT!

MORNING COMES AT
LAST...

WON'T AUNT
ETHEL BE PLEASED TO
SEE ME BRINGING HER
BREAKFAST! ANN, TOO!
DEAR ANN—AFTER ALL
THIS IS OVER, AND I'M
OUT OF THE ASYLUM, I'LL
ASK HER TO MARRY
ME AGAIN!

I MUST BE SURE
THAT MY AUNT GETS
THE RIGHT ONE! THEN
I'LL EXPLAIN TO ANN
THAT I'M NOT REALLY
CRAZY, AND ASK HER
TO WAIT FOR ME!



MINUTES LATER...

SURPRISE, AUNT ETHEL! I WAS UP EARLY, SO I JUST DECIDED TO FIX BREAKFAST FOR EVERYONE! HOPE YOU LIKE MY COFFEE!

HOW NICE, LYNN! UMMM—IT DOES SMELL GOOD! I'M STARVED!



WHY, IT'S MARVELOUS! A FUNNY TASTE, BUT I LIKE IT! WHAT'S YOUR SECRET, LYNN?

HAH-HAH! THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT NOW I MUST WAKE UP ANN!

AS ANN IS ABOUT TO DRINK...



OH, IT'S YOU, LYNN! I COULDN'T IMAGINE I WHO WOULD BE BRINGING ME BREAKFAST!

COFFEE TO WAKE YOU UP, ANN! AND LATER I WANT US TO HAVE A LONG TALK ABOUT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT!



THAT WAS AUNTIE! WHAT ON EARTH—

AHHHHHHHHH—HELP!!

I'LL GO SEE, ANN! YOU BETTER STAY HERE!



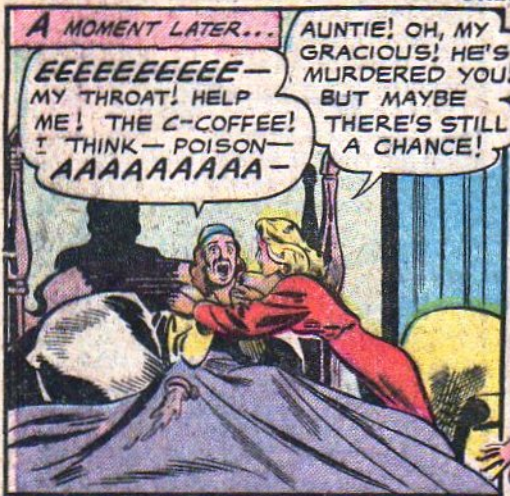
NO, ANN, STAY HERE! YOU MUSTN'T GO! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU! L-LET AUNT ETHEL DIE!

DIE! W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? LET ME GO THIS INSTANT! Y-YOU'RE INSANE!

ALERT NOW, AND TERRIFIED AT WHAT SHE SEES IN HIS FACE, ANN RAKES HIM WITH HER NAILS...

Y-YOU CREATURE! YOU HORRIBLE INSANE THING! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO AUNT ETHEL?

NO! DON'T CALL ME INSANE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, ANN! I'M ONLY PRETENDING TO BE INSANE SO I CAN GET THE MONEY!



A MOMENT LATER...

EEEEEEEEEE—
MY THROAT! HELP
ME! THE C-COFFEE!
I THINK—POISON—
AAAAA—

AUNTIE! OH, MY
GRACIOUS! HE'S
MURDERED YOU!
BUT MAYBE
THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE!



ANN! WAIT, YOU LITTLE
FOOL! I WON'T HURT
YOU! LET ME
EXPLAIN!

EEEEEE—
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!
YOU'RE
INSANE!



ANN REACHES
THE PHONE...

HELP! POLICE!
OPERATOR
QUICK! COME
TO —

EEEEEEEE—
HELP!
MURDER!

NO USE,
ANN!
NOBODY
CAN HEAR
YOU NOW!

LISTEN TO ME! I'M NOT
REALLY CRAZY, AND I'M
NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!
DON'T YOU SEE! I'M ONLY
PRETENDING TO BE
CRAZY TO GET THE
MONEY!

BUT YOU ARE!
YOU'RE MAD, CRAZY
MAD! YOU KILLED
THEM BOTH! I
H-HOPE THEY
HANG YOU!

AS ANN TRIES TO RUN FOR HER
LIFE, SHE TRIPS OVER THE
CORPSE OF ROGER RICHARDS...



I'LL GET AWAY, YOU
FIEND! YOU WON'T—
AHHHHHH—

ANN! COME
BACK HERE!
OH, SHE
TRIPPED!



AND...

S-SHE'S DEAD! STRUCK
HER HEAD! B-BUT I DIDN'T
MEAN TO KILL HER, ONLY THE
OTHER TWO! OH, ANN, WHY
DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO
ME?

STRANGE MYSTERIES

NOW LYNN RICHARDS PUTS THE BALANCE OF HIS PLAN INTO EFFECT...

HELLO, POLICE? HAH-HAH! COME AND GET ME! I JUST KILLED THREE PEOPLE! HO-HO! HEE-HEEE-HEEE! HURRY UP BEFORE I KILL SOME MORE! I LIKED DOING IT! HAH-HAH-HAH!

YOU ARE NUTS, MISTER! WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS?

LATER AS HE PLAYS HIS INSANE ROLE TO THE HILT...

NO! LET ME GO! I HAVE TO STAY HERE! HAH-HAH-HAH! I HAVE TO KILL SOMEONE ELSE!

COME ON, BUDDY! YOU'RE ALL THROUGH KILLING!

THIS ONE IS A REAL PSYCHO!



STILL LATER IN AN OBSERVATION WARD...

IT'S WORKING! THEY'RE CONVINCED I'M INSANE! AND THEY CAN'T DO A THING TO ME! IN A COUPLE OF YEARS, WHEN I'M-(CHUCKLE)-CURED, I'LL BE FREE! AND RICH!

NOW SEVERAL MONTHS PASS AND LYNN RICHARDS HAS BEEN COMMITTED TO A STATE ASYLUM...

WONDER WHERE THE DOCTOR IS? HE WANTED TO SEE ME! HEY, THESE PAPERS ARE ABOUT ME! MY CASE! I'LL BET THEY'RE GETTING READY TO RELEASE ME!



A TERRIBLE SCREAM BUILDS IN HIM AS HE READS THE PAPERS...

NO! IT ISN'T TRUE! I'M NOT REALLY INSANE! THEY'RE LYING! THE FOOLS! CAN'T THEY SEE I WAS ONLY PRETENDING?

NEXT MORNING WHEN HIS ROOM IS UNLOCKED...

POOR MAN! HUNG HIMSELF WITH THE BELT FROM HIS PAJAMAS! PROBABLY JUST AS WELL!

YES. HE NEVER FOOLED ANYBODY BUT HIMSELF!

HE MUST HAVE FINALLY REALIZED THAT HE REALLY WAS MAD!

CASE HISTORY
LYNN RICHARDS.
PATIENT IS IN-
CURABLY INSANE!
DEMENTIA
PRAECOX!
HAS COMMON
SYMPTOM OF
SANE, WHILE
HE PRETENDS
TO BE INSANE
AND...



The End

TERROR TOWN

by John Martin

JOHN KATELY walked from the top floor of the old homestead down to the second. The house was still, as it had been since they'd arrived two hours before. The drive from the city had been exhausting. It had been puzzling enough to begin with, to find out that no decent roads went to Youngville any more. Just country lane. One lane, weedy, overgrown, full of foul-smelling ditches.

It had taken the two of them two hours to walk the distance from the state highway into Youngville. And exertion like that was something Sandra couldn't really afford. Not with her lungs.

John went downstairs to the main floor.

"Sandra," he said softly. But he couldn't keep the tension, the terror out of his voice.

She turned and looked at him.

"They're still there?"

She nodded.

"They haven't moved," she whispered.

"They haven't moved an inch. Except maybe a few more of them came out of the houses and over there."

He walked to the window. The lace curtains were in ruins. They were, he knew, at least fifty years old — and they'd been hanging there all that time. Around them the curious, outdated furniture was covered inches thick in dust.

Outside was the main street. He remembered his father saying it had been a pleasant street when the town was new. Now it was rutted. Pools of stagnant water stood here and there.

"What do they want?" he whispered hoarsely, desperately. "Why don't they come over? Why in the name of heaven do they just stand there and stare?"

The houses were, like his dead father's, in a fairly ruinous condition.

"There aren't many of them," his wife said.

"The houses?"

"The people." She paused. "Didn't your father tell you Youngville was a pretty populous place?"

His face tightened.

JOHN WENT to the window again and stared out at the dozen or so people standing across the dusty, rutted street, staring at their house. When they'd stumbled

out of the brush into Youngville the place had seemed utterly deserted. Then, one by one, the people came out of the houses. No one had spoken. Just looked. And followed. And when they'd come to his father's house and opened the long-rusty lock, they'd just stood there, watching.

"I'm sorry we came here," she said. "I don't like the way they're looking at us. It gives me the creeps."

"We had to come here, Sandra, remember that," he reminded her. "This is mountain country. Your lungs need mountain air. We can't afford treatment. But we don't have to spend much money on this place. It belongs to us."

"But you haven't seen it for over twenty-five years."

"I never saw it at all," he said dully. "I was a child when my parents got out." He snapped a finger on the scrap of paper. "This is all I know about the house here. My father began writing an account of what happened in his diary. But he never finished it. Maybe he felt it was too horrible to finish."

"But why?" she asked, and then she turned and looked out the window again and shuddered. The group of people stood there and never moved. They seemed to be watching, waiting. And there was nothing but silence. They never even spoke among themselves.

John Kately nodded.

"Perhaps because of something like that." He tapped the page he had torn from his father's diary and began to read: "*That we escaped at all, I put down to God's Providence. And Zeph Herzog almost stopped us. He'd been watching, saw us leave. He came after us in his old tin lizzie, but, fortunately, we had a bigger car. We'd left without taking a thing of what we owned — just the clothes on our backs. At the state road Zeph stopped his car. I looked back, for just one instant. I'll never forget the wild look in his eyes . . .*"

"What were they fleeing from?" Sandra said, and her voice was hollow. "From people? I don't know who Zeph Herzog is, but he can only be a man. Those people out there don't look crazy — just interested." Now her voice broke; her arms reached out for him. "John — we need this place! If we can't live in the mountains my lungs won't heal. We

can't afford to buy a house elsewhere. Why, why did it have to be like this?"

Instantly she was in his arms. He held her close.

"I don't know," he said. "We'll stay, Sandra. We've got to. We can't sell the place, you know. Even Dad couldn't. He tried. There was never a single answer to any advertisements they put in the local papers hereabouts. That's why I'd even forgotten the place until — until you became sick —"

Quietly she sobbed.

He held her, and then, when she'd quieted down, he went to the window again. It was like watching some kind of dumb show, like seeing a puppet play. Only the puppets never moved or spoke.

A flash of movement down the street caught John's eyes. He noticed one man who seemed in some sort of authority, though he never spoke. He was tall, vigorous, dressed in rough clothes as were the others.

Again he heard his wife sob a little.

"You'll be alright," he said. "You'll be alright. This isn't an insane asylum. It's just a small town in an ordinary American county in an ordinary state in the good old U.S.A."

Her sob changed to a hysterical laugh.

"There's nothing ordinary out there!" she shrieked.

He turned and went back upstairs. There must be something left to indicate what was wrong, what had happened. He hadn't been in the master bedroom yet.

The door stuck — it hadn't been opened for decades. And then the rotten rock gave way and he stepped inside, amid choking clouds of dust.

The bed had fallen in. Most of the furniture was rotted from the wind and rains that had blown in through the broken windows. He took one step and then his blood froze as he saw the packing case.

It was only half-open; it had been addressed to Karl Kately at Youngville. Clearly, he reasoned with almost insane clarity, his parents hadn't been in the house much more than a day or night when they'd had to "escape" . . .

A cold ghostly wind seemed to blow through his brain. And then he knew what he had to do. Quietly, his lips a tense, drawn line, he went downstairs. There was nothing more of significance to be found.

There was — outside.

He walked past his wife; he went straight to the front door and said: "We'll get to the bottom of this right now!"

"John!" she went white. "They—they're coming now!"

KATELY FLUNG the door open with one convulsive movement and stepped decisively out on the rotting old porch. He was shaking with anger.

He watched them cross the rutted street, led by the big man.

"Look here!" he began loudly. "What the devil do you mean by standing there and frightening us? I'll call the police!"

The big man stopped dead.

"Police?" he said dully, and then he laughed; a ghastly, ragged laugh. He turned round and spoke to one of the other men. "Hader, you was the police *once*, wasn't you?"

A titter of cracked chuckles broke from the mouths of the group. They reached the steps of the porch, started up.

"Get out — get out!" John Kately screamed. "My name's Kately and this house and lot belongs to me!"

"I'm Zeph Herzog," the big man said with his dead smile.

"But you can't be!" John Kately said, in horror. "Zeph Herzog was a young man when my parents left here a quarter century ago — and you can't be over twenty-five or thirty now!"

And then Sandra Kately screamed. Her finger pointed past her husband's shoulder accusingly at Zeph Herzog.

"Don't you see there's something wrong, John, hideously wrong?" she cried. "Look at all of them — look at him! They're all young. There isn't an old face in the lot. And look at his eyes, John! They're the same wild eyes your father described. *He's Zeph Herzog!*"

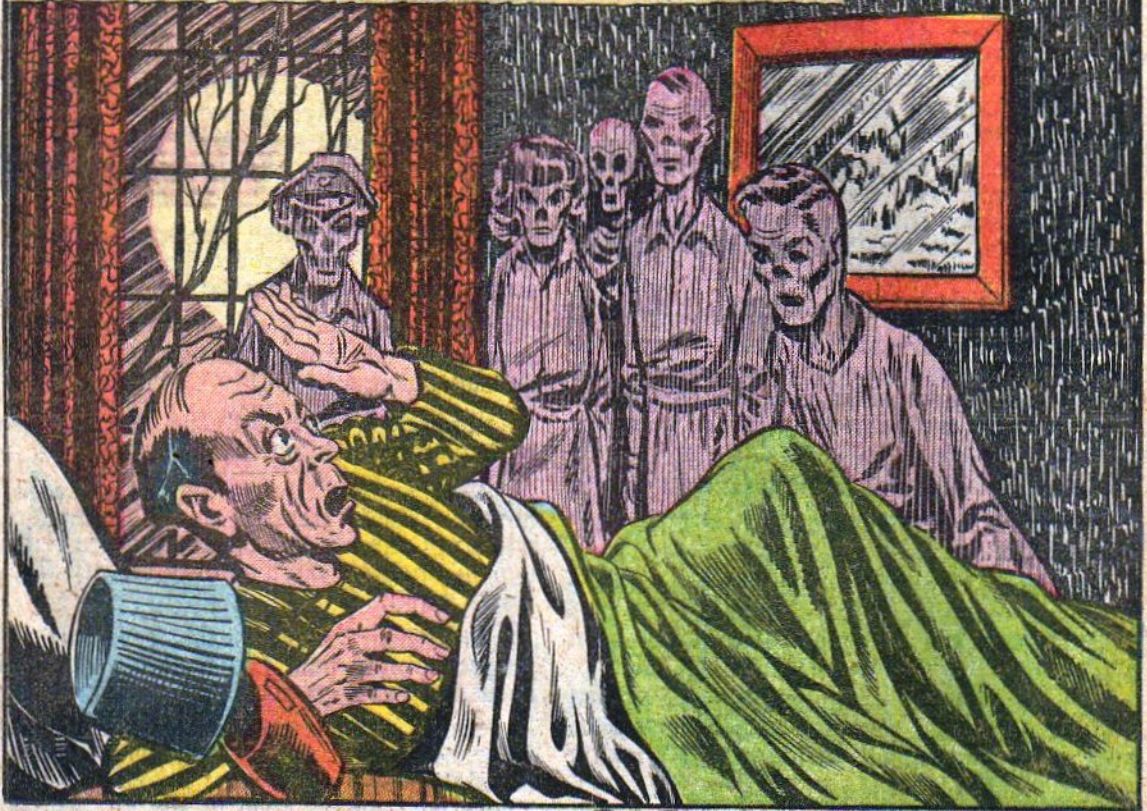
The big man looked at Sandra Kately as he reached the top step of the porch and nodded. His eyes blazed. From the throats of his followers burst animal sounds. Their hands bent into claws.

"No harm in your knowin' now," he said. "We keep young — we keep from dyin' by feedin' on souls — and blood too. Mostly we depend on outsiders — and sometimes on ourselves when outsiders is scarce. Then some of us has to go to keep the others young and alive." He glanced hungrily at Sandra Kately. "You and your man here, *you're* outsiders — and it's soul-feedin' time again." He reached for her, bellowing.

And with teeth bared, the others reached for John Kately.

Grim Awakening

HE WAS A TYCOON—AND HE WAS IN TROUBLE! SO LIKE MANY OTHERS HE LOOKED FOR THE EASY WAY OUT ONLY TO DISCOVER THE GRIM AND TERRIBLE TRUTH—CRIME DOESN'T PAY! IN MARK HUNTER'S CASE, FATE DEALT HIM THE ACE OF SPADES, AND THEN REDOUBLED IN BLOOD! BUT HE WAS NEVER LONELY FOR OUT OF THE DISTANT GRAVES, FROM FAR FLUNG LANDS, THEY CAME! THEY POINTED WITH ACCUSING FINGERS, FOR THEY WERE THE GHOSTLY COMPANY...

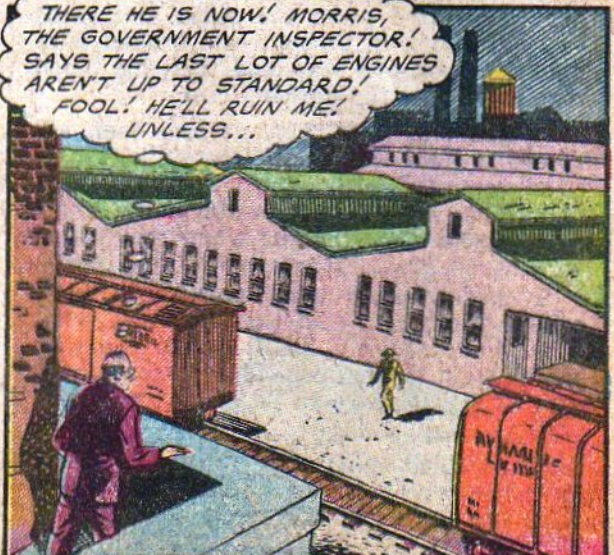


HUNTER, MANUFACTURER OF AIRPLANE ENGINES, FINDS HIMSELF IN A DESPERATE SITUATION...

HMM—I MAY AS WELL FACE IT! UNLESS I DO SOMETHING FAST, I'LL GO BANKRUPT! I CAN'T MEET MY NOTES, AND THE STOCK MARKET HAS BEEN MURDERING ME! NOW THIS FOOL INSPECTOR...



THERE HE IS NOW! MORRIS, THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR! SAYS THE LAST LOT OF ENGINES AREN'T UP TO STANDARD! FOOL! HE'LL RUIN ME! UNLESS...



LATER THAT NIGHT...

HELLO, MORRIS! WORKING LATE, I SEE! ALL ALONE IN THE SHOP!

YES, MR. HUNTER! AND I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT MORE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, SIR!

LOOK HERE, MORRIS, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER? YOU JUST— (HAH-HAH)—FORGET ABOUT THIS AND I'LL GIVE YOU, SAY, A THOUSAND?

NOTHING DOING! I'VE GOT A SON FLYING IN KOREA!

I'M TURNING DOWN THIS ENTIRE BATCH! EVERYTHING IS WRONG WITH THEM! CHEAP PARTS, SHODDY WORK—I CAN'T PASS THESE ENGINES!

B-BUT YOU MUST PASS THEM! UNLESS THE GOVERNMENT TAKES THEM, I'M RUINED!

YOU'RE A FOOL, MAN! WHAT ARE A FEW BAD ENGINES? WHY NOT LISTEN TO REASON?

I'M GOING TO REPORT THIS, HUNTER! AND I HOPE THE GOVERNMENT TAKES YOUR CONTRACT AWAY!

I C-C-CAN'T LET HIM REPORT ME! THOSE ENGINES REPRESENT MY LAST PENNY! UNLESS I CAN STOP HIM, I'M DONE FOR! AND I **WILL** STOP HIM!

SO IN A MOMENT OF BLINDING PANIC AND FURY...

THERE, YOU PATRIOTIC FOOL! I'LL SMASH YOUR SKULL LIKE AN EGG SHELL! YOU'LL NEVER REPORT ME!

UHHNNNN—

STRANGE MYSTERIES

CLEVERLY, HUNTER CONCEALS THE BODY IN A PILE OF COAL THAT WILL NOT BE USED UNTIL WINTER! AND A FEW WEEKS LATER...

GOOD! MY CHECK FROM THE GOVERNMENT FOR THOSE ENGINES! I'M IN THE CLEAR NOW— UNLESS THEY FIND THAT FOOL'S BODY!

I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THE BODY BEFORE WINTER! BUT THAT GIVES ME AT LEAST FOUR MONTHS! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING BY THEN!

A GOOD THING NOBODY EVER SNOOPS AROUND HERE, OR USES ANY COAL! ONE OF THESE DARK NIGHTS I'LL TAKE THE BODY AND DUMP IT IN THE RIVER!



ANOTHER MONTH PASSES AND ONE NIGHT AS HUNTER RETURNS HOME...

HUH! A TELEGRAM FOR ME! MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER ORDER FOR ENGINES FROM THE GOVERNMENT!

BUT...

DEAR MR. HUNTER: WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR NEPHEW HAS BEEN KILLED IN ACTION! AS NEXT OF KIN...

GREAT SCOTT! MY SISTER'S BOY— DEAD!



LATER, HUNTER IS VISITED BY A BUDDY OF THE DEAD NEPHEW...

I—I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO SEE ME, SERGEANT! I W-WANTED TO KNOW HOW TOM DIED!

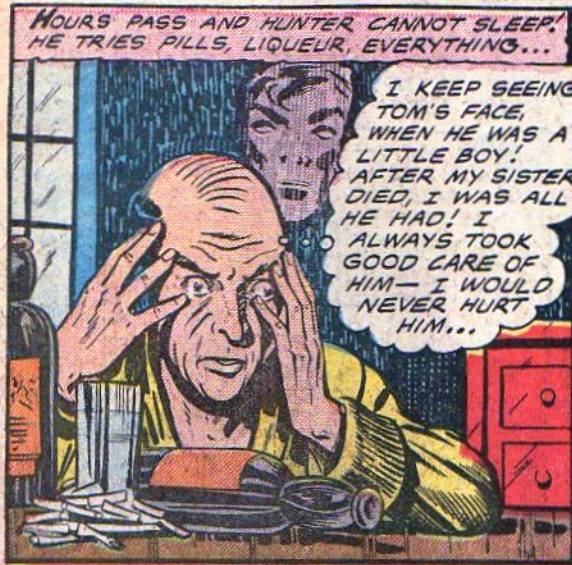
ENGINE FAILURE, SIR! NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO GOT OUT ALIVE!

LATE THAT NIGHT...

ENGINE F-FAILURE! BUT WHAT I'M THINKING IS CRAZY! IT WAS ONLY A COINCIDENCE! M-MY ENGINES WEREN'T TO BLAME! OH, IF ONLY I COULD GET TO SLEEP!



HOURS PASS AND HUNTER CANNOT SLEEP! HE TRIES PILLS, LIQUEUR, EVERYTHING...



I KEEP SEEING TOM'S FACE, WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY! AFTER MY SISTER DIED, I WAS ALL HE HAD! I ALWAYS TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIM— I WOULD NEVER HURT HIM...

SUDDENLY, IN THE SHADOWS...



W-WHO'S THERE? I SEE SOMETHING IN THE CORNER! WHO ARE YOU? W-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

IT'S ME, UNCLE TOM!

TOM! B-BUT IT CAN'T B-BE! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU CRASHED IN YOUR PLANE!



YES, UNCLE! I'M DEAD! YOU KILLED ME WITH YOUR FAULTY ENGINES!



NO! I DIDN'T MEAN— I DIDN'T MEAN TO— BUT I NEEDED THE MONEY AND...

WE KNOW, UNCLE! SEE, WE ARE ALL HERE! MY CREW, ALL THE MEN WHO DIED WITH ME!

WE'VE TRIED YOU, UNCLE, AND FOUND YOU GUILTY OF MURDER! YOU MUST DIE— AS WE DIED!



HA-HA! HE'S AFRAID!

GUILTY— GUILTY!

NO! YOU CAN'T—I BEG YOU!

HEE— HEE! GUILTY!

MURDERER— MURDERER! YOU KILLED US FOR DIRTY MONEY!

YOU SEE, UNCLE! FOR YOUR CRIME WE SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!

YAAAA— NO!

HA— HA!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

HUNTER IS ROUSED IN THE MIST OF HIS SCREAMS...

HEY! WAKE UP, SIR! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HAVING A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! YOU WOKE ALL THE NEIGHBORS!

H-HUH? OH, I— MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP AFTER ALL! THANKS, OFFICER!

I WAS HAVING A BAD DREAM, OFFICER! BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

MUST HAVE BEEN BAD, SIR! GLAD I COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE! GOOD-NIGHT!

HMM— WONDER WHAT I SAID IN MY SLEEP?

THIS CAN STAND A LITTLE INVESTIGATION! THE THINGS HE SAID!



SO, BECAUSE OF A BAD DREAM AND AN ALERT COP—NEXT DAY...

THE POLICE! SNOOPING AROUND IN THE YARD! I WONDER...

MISS DENNIS, CALL THE GATE AND SEE WHAT THOSE MEN WANT!

YES, MR. HUNTER!



SO... WHAT? THEY'RE L-LOOKING FOR A BODY! THE BODY OF INSPECTOR MORRIS!

THEY KNOW!



MEANTIME...

YEAH, SOUNDS SCREWY TO ME! A ROOKIE COP REPORTS WHAT A BIG SHOT SAYS IN HIS SLEEP AND WE START DIGGING!

STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED, BELIEVE ME!



AND THIS MORRIS HAS BEEN MISSING A LONG TIME! HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

THAT CHIEF IS A HAND! DARNED IF IT AIN'T!

LOOKS LIKE THAT ROOKIE AIN'T SO MUCH OF A ROOKIE AFTER ALL!



IT MUST BE MORRIS! THAT'S HOW IT FIGURES!

SURE! THE ROOKIE SAID HUNTER WAS YELLING ABOUT GHOSTS, AND MURDER, AND A COAL PILE!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A LITTLE TALK WITH HUNTER!

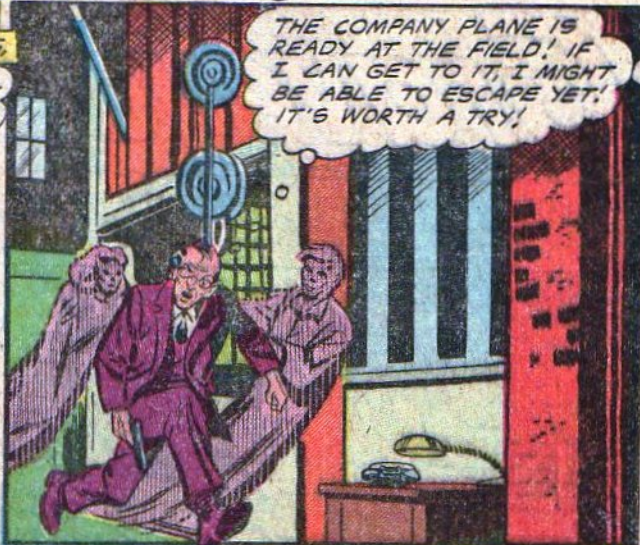


BUT HUNTER, HAUNTED BY PANIC AND GOADED BY THE SHADOW OF HIS DEEDS, IS ON THE RUN...

THEY KNOW EVERYTHING, BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I WON'T STAND TRIAL, BE DISGRACED!



THE COMPANY PLANE IS READY AT THE FIELD! IF I CAN GET TO IT, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO ESCAPE YET! IT'S WORTH A TRY!



DOGGED BY PHANTOMS, THE WEIRD CREATIONS OF HIS CONSCIENCE, HUNTER REACHES THE FIELD...

THERE HE IS! STOP HIM!

NO USE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

BUT I CAN! I WILL!



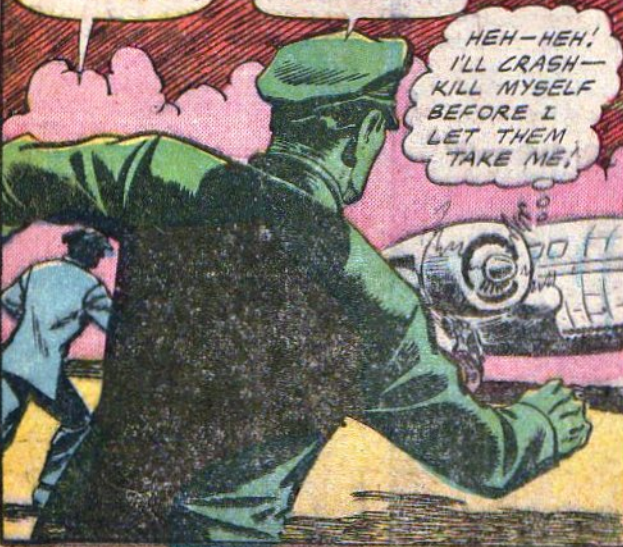
OUT OF MY WAY! I KNOW YOU'RE ONLY A GHOST! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! NOT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! BUT I CAN'T LET THEM GET ME!



HE'S STARTING TO TAKE OFF!

BLAST IT, HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY AFTER ALL! OPEN FIRE!

HEH-HEH! I'LL CRASH-KILL MYSELF BEFORE I LET THEM TAKE ME!



BUT SUDDENLY THE ENGINES ROAR, EXPLODE AND DIE...

WE'VE GOT HIM! HIS ENGINES FAILED! GO ON AND TAKE HIM!

THE ENGINES! F-FAILED! HAH-HAH-HEE-HEEE-

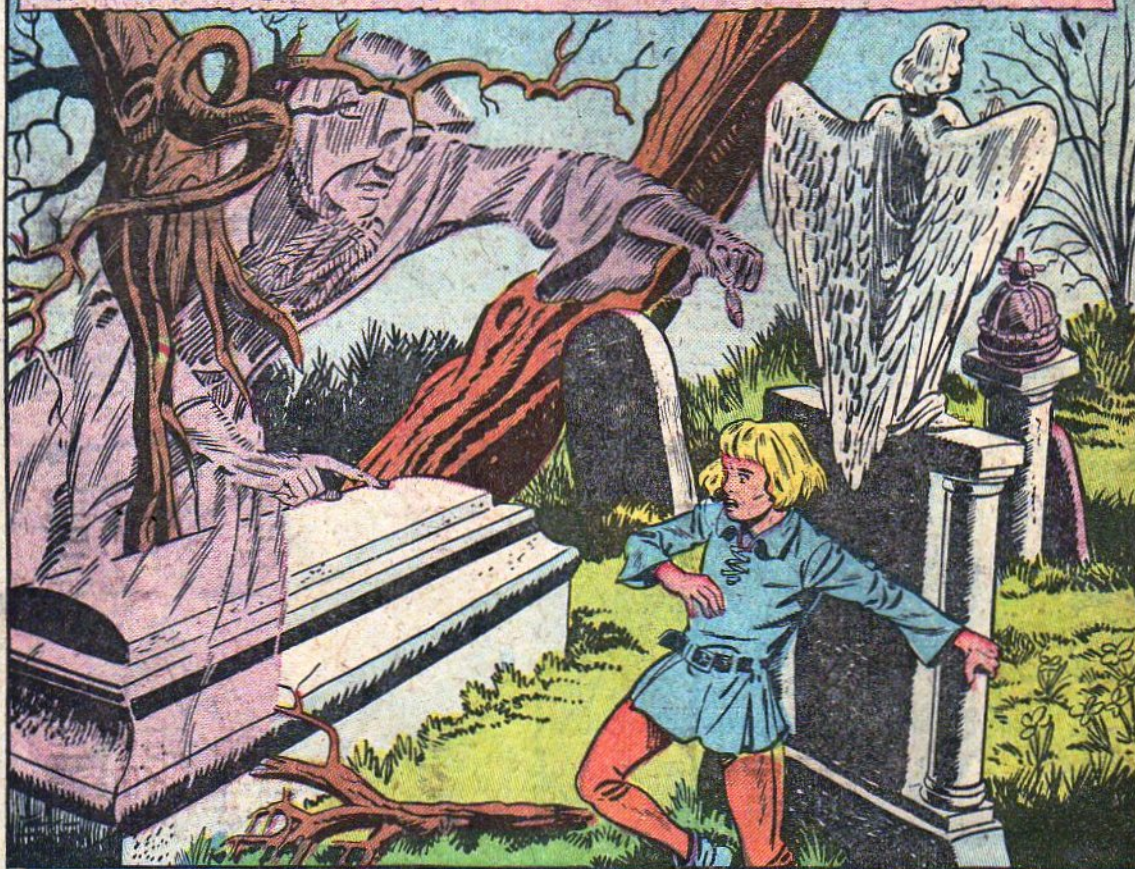
HE'LL HANG NOW!



The End

Graveyard Terror

FROM THE FARM VILLAGES OF SOUTHERN EUROPE COMES THIS BLOOD-CHILLING LEGEND THAT DRIVES FRIGID ICICLES INTO THE SPINES OF EVEN THE MOST HARDY. CHILDREN CRY, ADULTS WINCE WHEN THEY HEAR THE MACABRE TALE OF DEATH'S STAKE!



LONG AGO, THE VILLAGE IDIOT FROM A SMALL COUNTRY IN SOUTHERN EUROPE WAS DOING ABOUT THE ONLY THING HE WAS EQUIPPED TO DO — FISHING ALONGSIDE A LAZY STREAM...



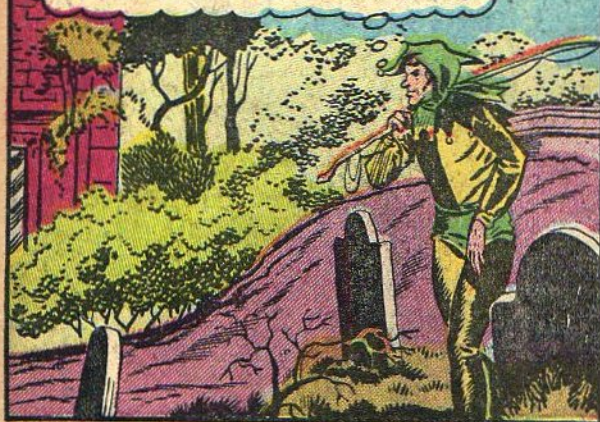
TIME TO GO NOW... I HAVE ENOUGH FISH FOR TONIGHT. PERHAPS I WILL GO BY WAY OF THE OLD CEMETERY!



I AM A FOOL, JUST LIKE THEY ALL SAY IN THE VILLAGE. WHY DO I GO TO CATCH THE SIMPLE FISH WHEN TREASURES UNTOLD AWAIT ME IN THE GRAVEYARD. I THINK I SHALL STOP TO VISIT — IT IS GETTING TO BE NIGHT!



THE GRASS GROWS HIGH IN THE GRAVEYARD. IF I DUG UP ONE OF THE OLD FATHERS, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE A FORTUNE. IT WOULD BE EASY TO COVER UP THE HOLE WITH SUCH WEEDS!



THIS SHOULD BE THE WEALTHIEST OF ALL. IT IS A GOOD STONE... IT SURVIVES BETTER THAN THE REST. HEE—HEEE—I CANNOT READ WELL, BUT I DO KNOW THE SYMBOLS!



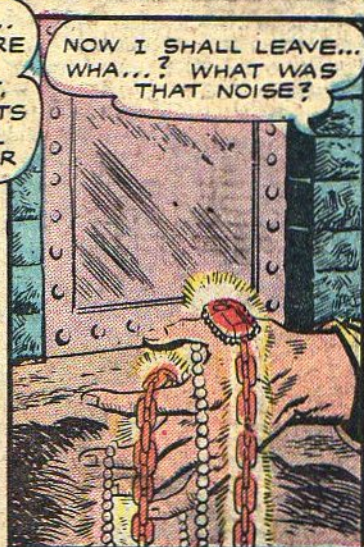
WHEW! AT LAST! NOW TO OPEN THE LID AND SEE WHAT IS INSIDE!



THEY WON'T LAUGH NOW... HEE—HEEE... THEY ARE THE IDIOTS, I AM THE ONE WHO IS SMARTEST, I SHALL BUY MANY GOATS AND COWS AND I WILL BE THE RICHEST FARMER IN THE VILLAGE!



NOW I SHALL LEAVE... WHA...? WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?



THE WIND—IT IS SUDDENLY HEAVY! AND THAT DOOR—IT MUST HAVE BEEN BLOWN... I WILL LEAVE HERE QUICKLY!



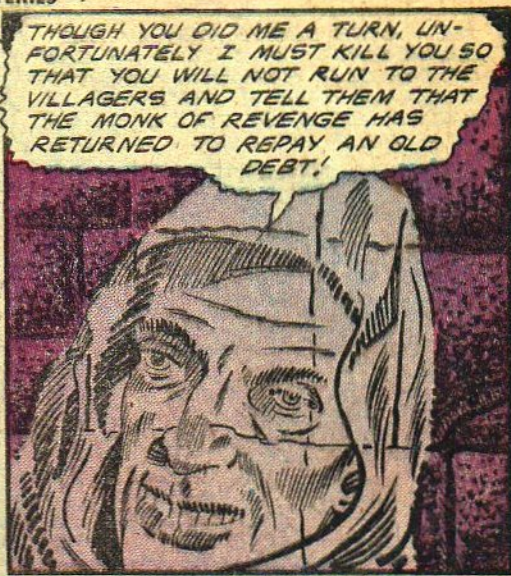
I...I CANNOT RISE... I AM CAUGHT BY THE EARTH!

HA—HAAA—SIMPLE ONE, YOU ARE RIGHT FOR ONCE... YOU CANNOT MOVE!





YES, FOOL, YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND, CAN YOU? YOU ARE FRIGHTENED... LITTLE DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE RELEASED ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



THOUGH YOU DID ME A TURN, UNFORTUNATELY I MUST KILL YOU SO THAT YOU WILL NOT RUN TO THE VILLAGERS AND TELL THEM THAT THE MONK OF REVENGE HAS RETURNED TO REPAY AN OLD DEBT!



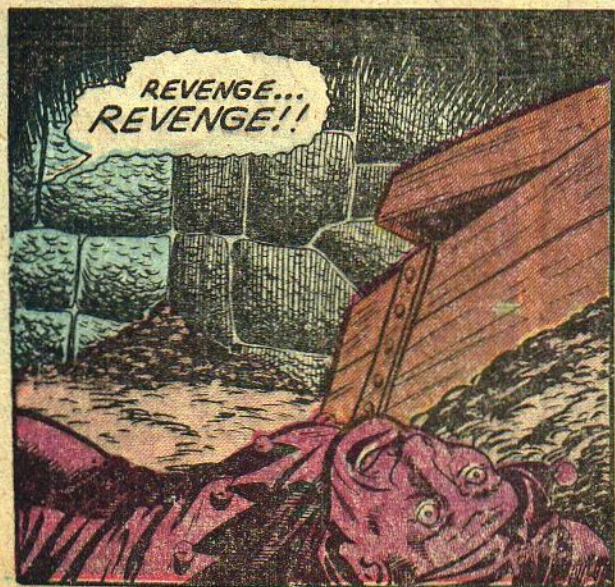
PLEASE... PLEASE SPARE ME... I WILL GIVE YOU THE FISH... THE FISH...

HAAAA... GREAT WONDERS ARE WITHIN YOUR MIND, FOOL. WHAT WOULD I DO WITH FISH? NO, I FEAR I SHALL HAVE TO SWEEP THE HAND OF DEATH OVER YOU. IT WILL BE SWIFT AND PAINLESS—EXCEPT PERHAPS FOR YOUR FRIGHT!



DEATH STRIKES SWIFTLY WHEN BROUGHT FROM THE DEAD!

AAAIEEE!!



REVENGE... REVENGE!!



I MUST COVER UP THE DIGGINGS... THE VILLAGERS WILL MISS HIM SOON AND WILL SEARCH BY THE STREAM. THEN THEY WILL COME HERE. THEY MUST NOT KNOW, FOR I HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO!

THE NEXT MORNING THE VILLAGERS ORGANIZE A SEARCH PARTY TO FIND THE MISSING LAD...

HE HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE YESTERDAY, PIERRE, YOU WILL TAKE SEVERAL OF THE MEN AND VISIT THE OLD CEMETERY WHERE HE CATCHES HIS FISH!

I WILL DO THAT, SIRE!

LATER...

IT IS HIM!

IT IS THE WORK OF THE MAD MONK. THIS IS HIS TOMB!

DEAD!

MY GRAND-FATHER TOLD ME THE STORY... MANY YEARS BEFORE HIM THERE WAS A TOWN ELDER WHO ACTED VERY STRANGELY WHEN DELIVERING HIS SPEECHES. ONE DAY HE WAS DISCOVERED BY A PEASANT, SPEAKING TO THE DEVIL, THEY SAY, SOON THERE WAS A TRIAL AND MANY CAME MILES TO HEAR THE JUDGES...

WHAT IS THIS MAD MONK? — I HAVE NEVER HEARD...

IT IS THE OLD LEGEND... COME, I WILL TELL YOU ON THE WAY HOME... IT IS GETTING DARK!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TESTIMONY, THE JUDGE DELIVERED THE VERDICT...

...AND SO, I ORDER THAT YOU ARE HEREBY JUDGED GUILTY OF HERESY! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY OF COMMUNING WITH THE DEVIL!

I AM INNOCENT... YOU ARE THE MURDERERS!

...THEY BURNED HIM AT THE STAKE — WHICH WAS THE LAW...

OOOOOOHHHHH!!

...AND BURIED HIM IN THE CEMETERY...

LOWER IT GENTLY, HE WAS GOOD UNTIL THE DEVIL CAUGHT HIM...

BUT MAKE CERTAIN HE IS NOT NEAR ANY OF THE OTHERS...

SO BE IT!

WHILE THE VILLAGERS RETURN FROM THE CEMETERY, A MOTHER MISSES HER LITTLE BOY...

WHAT HAPPENED TO JULES? HE HAS LEFT AGAIN!
WE WERE PLAYING WITH HIM, BUT HE WOULD NOT PLAY ANYMORE...



HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO FIND THE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT... SAID HE WAS GOING TO FIND PIERRE AND THE SEARCHERS!

I CANNOT FIND PIERRE AND THE OTHERS... NOW I WANT TO FIND MY MOMMY... ONLY I CAN'T—



AH... AN UNEXPECTED VICTIM... I HAD NOT EVEN HOPED TO TAKE A LIFE OF ONE SO YOUNG!

MOMMY... I WANT MY MOMMY...

LITTLE ONE, I SEE THAT YOU ARE LOST... WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME WITH ME? I HAVE A WARM SPOT IN MY HEART FOR LITTLE ONES!

NO... NO... I AM FRIGHTENED... I WANT TO GO HOME!



HERE, TAKE MY HAND... I WILL LEAD YOU HOME!

BUT... BUT YOU DO NOT LOOK LIKE ANYONE I KNOW... YOU ARE LIKE A GREAT SPIRIT!

THERE! THAT WAS NOT SO TERRIBLE, MY SON, WAS IT? YOU ARE NOT AS FRIGHTENED AS THE FOOL... AND NOW YOU ARE ONE OF MY SUBJECTS!

OOOOHHHHH!



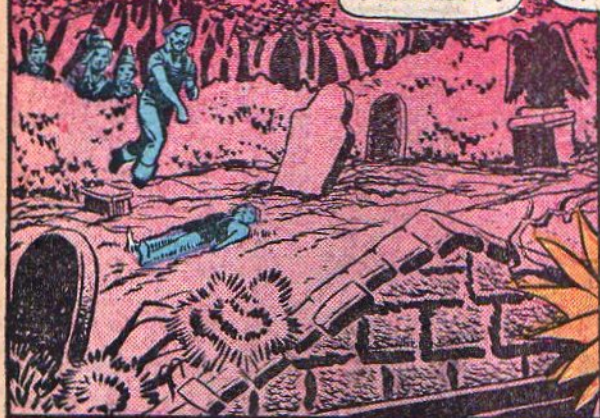
THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE HE IS...
JUST AS I
EXPECTED!

IN THE SAME
PLACE WHERE
THE IDIOT WAS
FOUND!

I AM NOW
CONVINCED!

I DID NOT BELIEVE MY GRANDFATHER WHEN
HE FIRST TOLD ME OF THE LEGEND—BUT
WHAT AM I TO BELIEVE NOW? BOTH DIED
AT THE VERY FEET OF THE HERETIC ONE...
I SAY WE MUST GO TO THE VILLAGE
PADRE AND ASK HIM TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE!



YES, HE
IS THE
ONLY
ONE!

HE IS
OF THE
CLOTH...
HE CAN
HELP!

I MUST PROTECT
MY CHILDREN!



GOOD! THE PADRE IS THE ONE I
WANT—THEN I SHALL SATISFY
MY MASTER, THE DEVIL! I DID
NOT EXPECT SUCH GOOD FORTUNE
TO STRIKE SO OPPORTUNELY!



GOOD PADRE, WE
FEAR FOR OUR
LIVES... THE MAD
MONK OF REVENGE
HAS STRUCK
TWICE!

COME
CLOSER,
FRIENDS!



I CANNOT BLAME YOU FOR YOUR FEARS.
IT SEEMS VERY STRANGE INDEED. I WILL
GO TO GRAVEYARD TONIGHT. BUILD ME A
CROSS MADE OF OAK AND IF THERE BE
SUCH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DEVIL, I
WILL DRIVE HIM BACK INTO THE GROUND!



PIERRE AND HIS FRIENDS CONSTRUCT A STURDY CROSS...

HE IS A BRAVE MAN... ALREADY IT IS STARTING TO STORM!

I FEAR FOR HIM...

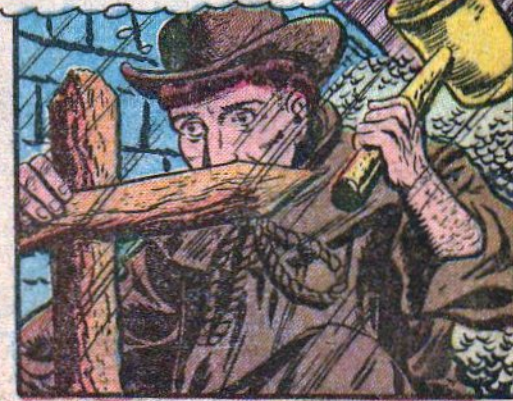
IT IS HIS JOB...

THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS... I WILL SPEND THE NIGHT ONLY TO RETURN TO YOU IN THE MORNING AND DISPEL YOUR FEARS. I BELIEVE THERE IS NO APPARITION. TOMORROW I WILL LEAD YOU BACK AND SHOW YOU WHERE I BURIED THE MAD MONK!



CAN'T BLAME THE FOLKS FOR GETTING FRIGHTENED... THIS IS A STRANGE PLACE... AND THAT LEGEND — OH, WHAT AM I THINKING... IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

IT IS VERY CONFUSING... THIS TURF DOES LOOK AS THOUGH IT WERE DISTURBED... PERHAPS THE BOY OR THE OTHER ONE DISTURBED THE GRAVE... I MUST CONVINCE MY PEOPLE THAT THEY SHOULD NOT BELIEVE THIS STORY AND LIVE IN FEAR — THAT IS MY AIM!

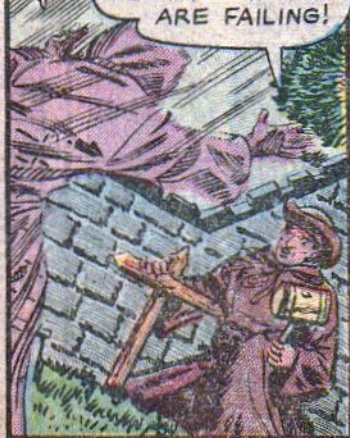
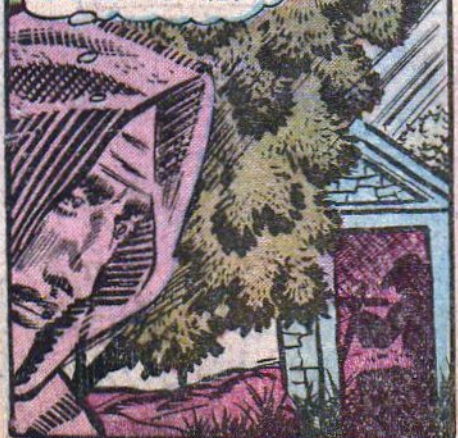


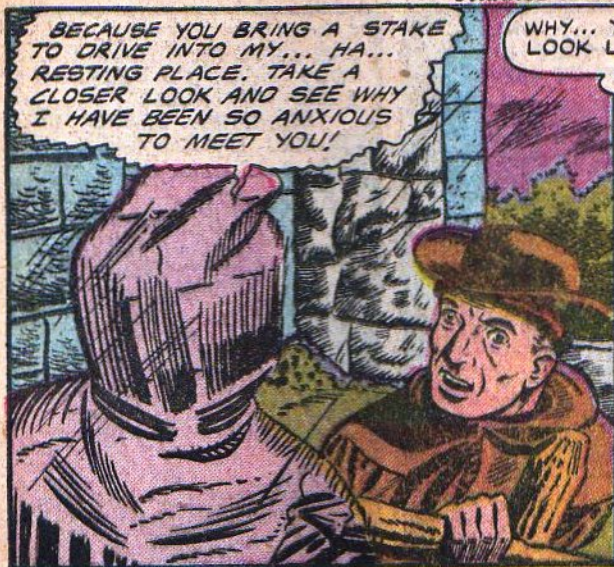
ZOUNDS! HE IS DRIVING A STAKE INTO MY COFFIN! I WILL CONFRONT HIM AND SEE IF HE WILL NOT LISTEN TO ME!

HOLD ON, MY FRIEND... DO YOU NOT BELIEVE?

WHY, IT'S... IT'S THE MAD MONK... I MUST BE IMAGINING THIS AWFUL VISION... PERHAPS MY EYES ARE FAILING!

ALL RIGHT, WHATEVER YOU ARE... I SHALL FACE YOU! WHY DO YOU NOT THINK I BELIEVE?





WHY... YOU LOOK LIKE ME!



STRANGE MYSTERIES



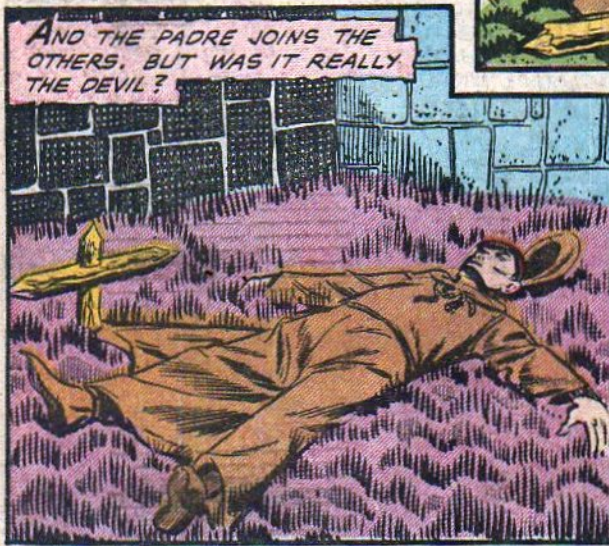
A NIGHTMARE... BUT AT LEAST HE IS CONQUERED. NOW I SHALL RETURN TO THE VILLAGERS!



WHA...? WHAT IS THIS? I CANNOT MOVE!



I WIN, BUT I DO NOT WIN. THE DEVIL IS TAKING ME, TOO! PERHAPS BECAUSE I DID NOT FULLY BELIEVE... SPARE ME! SPARE ME!



AND THE PADRE JOINS THE OTHERS. BUT WAS IT REALLY THE DEVIL?



THE GOOD PADRE... HE LIES WHERE WE FOUND THE BOYS!

THE LEGEND IS TRUE... HE COULD NOT SAVE US!

WE ARE ALL DOOMED!



LOOK! HE DROVE HIS ROBE INTO THE GROUND! HE DIED OF FRIGHT!

THEN IT WAS NOT THE LEGEND!

HE ERRED... HE BELIEVED US — WE ARE TO BLAME!



YES, VILLAGERS, HE ERRED — TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR DOUBTS AND FEARS. NOW YOU ARE QUIET. BUT CAN ANY OF US TRULY SAY THAT THE LEGEND OF THE MONK IS REALLY FABLE... OR HAVE THE CENTURIES MERELY COVERED UP THE TRUTH?

THE END



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